

# SPREES OF THE HALL,

OF CASUALTY, A POEM.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

---

FINALE, À LA BYRON;

A FRAGMENT.

---

BY HENRY PELLATT;

Author of

*'Recantation,' 'Recapitulation,' 'Individuality,' 'Ellen  
Stanmere's Maid,' &c. &c.*

---

"I planted in my youth a laurel bough,  
My humble prayer to Phœbus offering,  
That by his fostering care the tree might grow,  
And shade and shelter to the poet bring.

. . . . .

. . . I grieve not at its slow uprise!"

*Benedetto Menzini.*

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TO  
RICHARD PINDER,  
OF  
RICKMANSWORTH,  
IN  
THE COUNTY OF HERTS, ESQ.

---

DEAR AND HONORED SIR,

THERE is no one to whom I can with more propriety dedicate this volume than yourself, as the scenes introduced into it are, most of them, associated with your own recollections and presence. I flatter myself that the perusal of the following poem may bring to your remembrance those deeply dramatic situations celebrated beneath your roof of hospitality, and not altogether fail of interest. There will be, at all events, one advan-

tage arising from the reminiscence of them, which their enacting had not—total freedom from noise and clamor; and, indeed, I conceive that an apology is due from me for having so conspicuously stood forward, of all the *dramatis personæ*, in those diurnal and nocturnal revelries.

In conclusion, Dear Sir, allow me to say, that it will, at all times, afford me the highest gratification to obey your summons of hospitality, to that roof whence sprung the “SPREES OF THE HALL;” though I earnestly hope, for your sake, and the lovers of rural abstraction and quietude, a second edition may not be called for—as it regards myself, I am indifferent.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

With high respect,

Yours very truly,

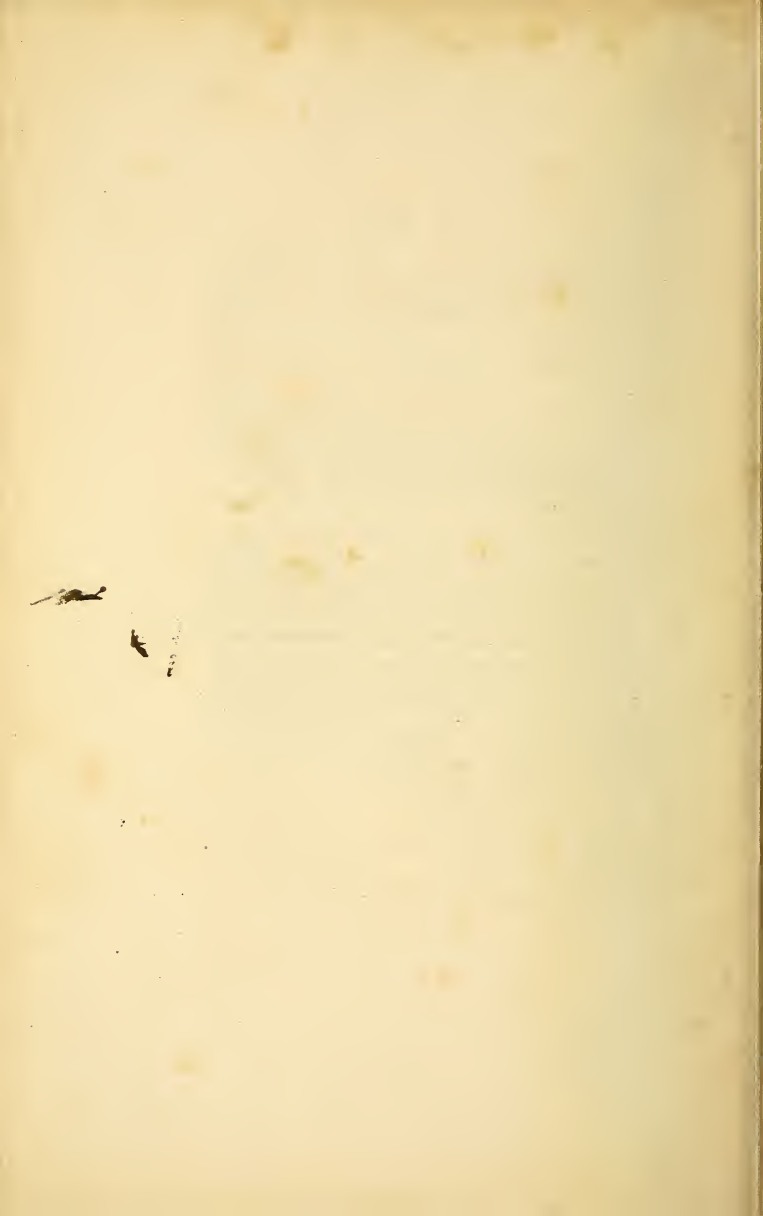
Henry Bellatt.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Author begs leave to assure Mr. Crabbe, that it was far from his intention, in the present volume, to build either his title or his design on Mr. Crabbe's beautiful poem, called "The Tales of the Hall;" he regrets that the titles of two poems, published in the same century, should so nearly accord; upon a careful perusal of the two books, it will be seen, however, that so far from the present author being indebted to Mr. Crabbe for any of his ideas, versifications, or metres, it would have been a decided advantage to Mr. Crabbe, had the "Sprees of the Hall" been published first. Every candid Reader must be compelled to allow this, withal.



## PREFACE.



I HAVE hardly deemed a preface to the following poem necessary. Some consider a preface as the indispensable key-stone to their work, others deem it as a compliment from the author to the reader—let it answer both purposes in my case. I have only one apology to make upon this occasion, which is, for the length of time occurring between the gift of the subject and the printing of this poem, and the apology will be deemed sufficient when I inform my friends that I have hastily snatched some few half hours from the uncongenial claims of professional bondage

for this work, and, that the whole has been gathered together in the most hurried manner. This work has not been printed for the public eye, but to save time, trouble, and copying, at the request of some select and valued friends, for the purpose of perpetuating a few hours of social mirth, as connected with divers sprees and odd recollections; let this declaration disarm criticism; if it does not—I can't help it.

D. P.

*London, October 10, 1823.*

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### Argument.

The scenes of this Poem are taken from the immediate vicinity of Cashiotbury the inheritance of the Earl of Essex.

The period of the action of the Sprees is three days, and part of four nights.





## SPREES OF THE HALL.

---

### ODE TO LIBERTY.



IMMORTAL Spirit of the chainless mind,  
Brightest in London Liberty thou art!  
For there my habitation's in the heart;  
And when thy sons to papers are confined,  
To Latitats and dark Law's rayless gloom,  
The spirit's conquered with its martyrdom,  
And Freedom's wing finds fame on every wind.  
London! thy city is a dirty place,  
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'tis trod  
Until their very steps have left their trace,  
Worn as their leather was with iron shod—  
By Waddington and Hunt.—Let none those marks  
efface,  
For they appeal from Tothill-fields to \* \* \*.



## SPREES OF THE HALL.

---

### CANTO I.



THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Pinder's family had gathered then,  
Their chairs and tables, candlestick and light,  
And lamps shone o'er fair women and queer men.  
And when music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
A coach appeared the following tale to tell.

### THE COMING.

#### 1.

Now from London two are bearing,  
Wyatt's horn is sounding, (1)  
Down the hill his steeds are tearing,  
Wyatt's whip is bounding.

## 2.

Outside passengers are they,  
    (Modern incomes cutting)  
To keep all creditors at bay,  
    On Latitat abutting.

## 3.

Profits do not bear, of late,  
    In law, or physic, church,  
And as to profits in the state,  
    They suffer a law-lurch.

## 4.

Therefore men must cut the "in,"  
    And patronize the "out,"  
Weather minding not a pin,  
    To pin their rags about.

## 5.

Modern coachmen too have found  
In safety coaches, dandy,  
The trick of saving many a pound  
By having outsides handy.

## 6.

In fact, all feel the general tug  
Of modern bad times' haul,  
And if men must ride on a rug— (2)  
They must not ride at all.

## 7.

Wyatt's story, long and quaint,  
Was drawing near its close,  
Its model was the "Banbury Saint"  
Which every body knows.

## 8.

But he is wont to take a tale  
And model it anew,  
And passengers will rarely fail  
To laugh—or false, or true.

## 9.

And near the place where “ Stafford” lives, <sup>(3)</sup>  
He dropt from off his box,  
To woman’s hand the rein he gives, <sup>(4)</sup>  
And, lo! the wheel he locks.

## 10.

’Tis strange, that on the very spot  
Of Stafford’s peaceful reign,  
That his should be the woeful lot  
To hear the clank of chain !

## 11.

For there he sought to be at rest,  
Released from bail and charge,  
No more with Bow-street honors prest,  
On Saturday at large.

## 12.

And well he deemed that in this land  
Of freedom and of will,  
He had found out a peaceful stand  
Where iron's clank is still.

## 13.

But ah ! on every coach we find,  
That runs this happy soil,  
A galling fetter hung behind,  
All lubricate with oil.

## 14.

Therefore, men who fill the page,  
Of "Jerry" rows the cream, (<sup>5</sup>)  
Should never travel on a stage,  
But always go by steam.

## 15.

But now 'tis fit that I should cut  
All detail of the times,  
And plough a little in the rut (<sup>6</sup>)  
Determined for these rhymes :

## 16.

And tell of those two men who came  
By Wyatt's evening coach ;  
Their destiny, their trade, their fame,  
And now begins the poach.



## 17.

The one he lives in Gerrard-street,  
In London, near Soho-square,  
And manifoldly does he treat,  
In jewels all the go there.

## 18.

The other is, what Charles would fain (7)  
A subject his should be,  
One flourished in his glorious reign,  
And one died on a tree !

## 19.

At least 'tis said by men who lived  
In good king Charley's day,  
That peace and virtue flourished,  
Bright as the noon sun's ray.

20.

But when he died fell Discord rose,  
And Virtue turn'd a sawyer,  
She gave the state a bloody nose,  
And then employed a Lawyer.

21.

His trade I dare not plainer tell  
For fear 'twill breed a faction,  
And he'll employ one Sergeant Pell (<sup>s</sup>)  
To bring a libel action.

22.

Therefore I'll cut short these lines,  
To introduce some others,  
My muse the rhyming task declines,  
When talking of my brothers.

## THE ALIGHTING.



### 1.

'TWAS the cold month of March, ere the Sun in his  
power

Darts forth on the trees, or plays in the shower,  
When by invite so kind and as quickly complied with,  
The aforesaid two heroes each other did ride with.

### 2

And soon they alighted, both cheerful and gay too,  
At the steps of the mansion, they bended their way to  
A fine, noble building, without whitewash or plaster,  
Bespeaking the mind of its inmate and master.

## 3.

And ere they could knock, the door it flew open,  
And one there appeared—most happily spoken!  
The Mistress herself—as in days when the meeting  
Of strangers was hailed by the castle lord's greet-  
ing. (9)

## 4.

Hospitality beamed in the eye of the lady,  
That shone like the sun on the morning of May-day,  
And cheerfulness gathered its grace from the smile  
Which illumined that moment of meeting awhile.

## 5.

The hall it was fair, and lofty, and bright,  
Exactly proportioned in length, breadth, and height;  
And the staircase that sprung from the innermost wall,  
Was firm in its tread, and majestic withall:

## 6.

And soon the fair hostess, that hailed them so fair,  
Preceded their way by the foot of the stair,  
And her footsteps they followed with cheerfulness  
    light,  
Till the banqueting room was presented to sight.

## 7.

'Twas a fine lofty room, nor too large, nor too small,  
Quite fitting for wassail, or dinner, or ball,  
And they sate themselves down in expectancy's wish  
For the presence of ladies, and taste of each dish :

## 8.

And soon they came in, and their happiness shone  
Like the sky in its loveliness, lit by the moon ;  
For where virtue is reigning the eye will beam joy,  
All freed from corruption—unmixed with alloy.

## 9.

And where is the soul of the man who can view  
A woman's bright eye in its azure of blue,  
And turn from its shining in coldness away,  
Untaught by its language, unwarm'd by its ray?

## 10.

If a being so cold can exist in the world,  
May the sun of his hope from its axis be hurled,  
May the moon hide her rays, and the stars shun the  
                  night,  
And leave the stern wretch to chill horror and blight:

## 11.

Let him wander in darkness, unknowing his way  
To the wild screaming raven, and night-wolf a prey;  
Or, if these he escape, let his body be riven,  
Asunder by flame from the tempest cloud driven!

## 12.

Such fate may be his—but I'll bend to my story,  
And leave him to die, all alone in his glory—  
If glory there be in such desolate feeling,  
Benumbing the soul, the affections all steeling.

## 13.

Perhaps 'twill be said that I've colored too strongly  
A mind so depraved, and judged of it wrongly;  
But coldness at all when a Woman's the cause, (<sup>10</sup>)  
Is the dearth of all feeling, of life the full pause.

## 14.

As the sun gilds the earth, so we live by their light,  
Our day is their presence, their departure our night,  
As the soft summer rain distils joy to the flower,  
So their influence warms us in life's fitful hour.

15.

But I've wandered far out of the track I intended,  
And 'tis fitting that now all these musings be ended,  
So I'll on with my story, and shorten these strains,  
I've said a good deal, but there's much yet remains!



## THE DINNER.

1.

Now the guests they sat down to the dinner's repast,  
And took of it largely tho' in passion week's fast,  
For their ride made them ready at Dame Nature's call,  
In the combat of eating to conquer or fall.

2.

Then the cloth was removed, and the snuff-boxes  
came.

Replete with tobaccos, of lineage and fame;  
And they soon acquiesced in this custom so common,  
A perfection in man, but a sad flaw in woman!

## 3.

Bolongaro and Mayence, Marino, and others, <sup>(11)</sup>  
Were fairly discussed, by these snuff-tasting brothers,  
And the merits of Hudson, and Proctor, and Currey,  
Were unfolded in order—not done in a hurry.

## 4.

Some laugh at the custom and deem it sad folly  
To feed a man's nose with chopped hay and holly;  
Let them hold their conviction—a snuff-taker knows  
From a pinch of good snuff what a pleasure there  
flows.

## 5.

And the wine freely flowed—hospitality's grace,  
And pleasure and joy beamed out from each face,  
The ladies were present, whose presence must ever  
From enjoyment's alloy its reality sever. <sup>(12)</sup>

## 6.

It's a plan most abhorrent, in city or town,  
For a bevy of men to sit themselves down, <sup>(13)</sup>  
And quaff from the goblet with licence unchecked,  
Then happiness call it—why 'tis happiness wrecked.

## 7.

When the soul is put out, and the brain burns in fire,  
They deem it enjoyment fann'd higher and higher:—  
Then let it be pleasure, I'll ne'er float its stream,  
Such pleasure is madness, or madness a dream.

## 8.

Let me have the pleasure which shines with a grace  
From a pair of blue eyes in a beautiful face,  
Then on with the wassail, ye boasters, who can, <sup>(14)</sup>  
You may boast the resemblance, but I am the man.



## SPREES OF THE HALL.

---

### CANTO II.

---

#### THE WASSAIL.

1.

“ LET us take another glass,  
“ Lyndon, are you ready?  
“ I will give it—‘ Here’s your lass,  
“ Love her firm and steady !’

2.

“ Harold, pledge us in a toast,  
“ Bumpers, fill the bowl—  
“ I will give it—‘ Here’s our host,  
“ God bless his generous soul.’

## 3.

“ Pinder, fill your chalice up,  
“ Let us have your saying—  
“ I will give it—‘ Here’s the cup  
“ Of pleasure undismaying.’

## CHORUS.

“ And he who will not heel it,  
“ To drive all care away,  
“ May the Bank of England feel it,  
“ When he has a bill to pay.

## 4.

“ Lyndon, fox your glass again,  
“ Pledge anew—*my flower!* (<sup>15</sup>)  
“ I will give it—‘ Let no pain  
“ Mix with this golden hour.’

## 5.

- “ Harold try it, you are *down*, (16)  
“ ’Tis your’s in second station,  
“ I will give it—‘ Here’s the Crown,  
“ And this our English nation.’

## 6.

- “ Go it, Pinder, mind your score,  
“ Let the goblet smile—  
“ I will give it—‘ Evermore,  
“ The Beauties of our Isle.’

## CHORUS.

- “ And he who will not drink it,  
“ For ever and a day,  
“ May scrip and consols fail him,  
“ When he has a bill to pay.

## 7.

“ Now, Lyndon, tune your mellow voice

“ To poesy divine,

“ And let us hear your first love's choice

“ In glowing colors shine.”



LYNDON'S SONG.



1.

I loved a rural fair,  
    Above all treasure loved,  
And deemed my vows were there  
    As tenderly approved;  
But for some other swain,  
    The maid  
    My hopes betrayed,  
And left me to complain—  
Yet still I'd rather weep her false, unkind,  
Than live without her image on my mind.

## 2.

In childhood first I knew  
The girl, and then admired,  
But as her beauties grew,  
My breast with love was fired ;  
Ah, for some other swain,  
The maid  
My hopes betrayed,  
And left me to complain—  
Yet still I'd rather weep her false, unkind,  
Than live without her image on my mind.

## 3

But as my love so burned,  
I to another turned,  
And lest I should be undone  
I married Mrs. Lyndon ;

Tho' for some other swain,  
The maid  
My hopes betrayed,  
And left me to complain—  
Yet still I will not weep her false, unkind,  
For all my love and joy in Mrs. L. I find.

---

“ Pinder, now tune your lofty note  
“ To some fair strain of yore,  
“ And let the mellow numbers float  
“ From out their fountain's store.”

PINDER'S SONG.



1.

Now the sun has gone to rest,  
Fain we would his chariot stay,  
Brightly glows his heavenly vest,  
Over the hills and far away.

2.

Yet we'll sip the generous glass,  
Prove that night has grown our day,  
Here's to every bonny lass  
Over the hills and far away.

## 3.

May his beams to-morrow rise  
With a fairer, lovelier ray,  
Soon will fade the summer skies,  
Over the hills and far away.

## 4.

Let us mock his golden beams  
In the goblet, while we may,  
Here the purest pleasure teems,  
Over the hills and far away.

## 6.

Let the ruby nectar smile,  
Joyous both by night and day,  
Every care and joy beguile,  
Over the hills and far away.

Fill we now the bumper bright,  
While to Sol we tune our lay,  
Fair as woman's lovely light,  
Over the hills and far away!

---

"Come, Harold, sport your stave,

"Let us have a song—

"A bumper toast 'twill save,

"Nor mind its being long."

## HAROLD'S SONG.



1.

Oh London town's the thing !  
For fun and frolic—flash,  
So hear my numbers ring,  
While off I go, slap-dash.

2.

The city end I hold,  
Is far beyond the west,  
You think me rather bold,  
But, faith, I like it best !\*

3.

The West may boast its swells,  
Its Bond-street and the Parks,  
Its betting-cribs and hells,  
And Tom and Jerry larks.

4.

There's Burlington arcade,  
And Maberly's bazaar,  
And Tattersal afraid  
To try it on too far.

5.

There's Petersham and Ball,  
And many a golden fool,  
And in St. Stephen's hall  
There's many a courtier tool.



## 6.

“ There’s the Op’ra colonnade,  
“ New streets to give Nash food,  
“ And many a charming maid,  
“ Or would be, if she could.

## 7.

“ There’s the famous *chapeau paille*  
“ By Rubens, all my eye,  
“ And Lords too wanting bail,  
“ When Weston’s on the spy.

## 8.

“ There’s the stable-yard for kings  
“ Or kings that may be yet,  
And cabriolets on springs,  
“ And peers all ‘ *steti steti*.’

## 9.

“ There’s that large man in green  
“ Bolt upright in the park,  
“ Who every day is seen  
“ *Exposé* for a lark.

## 10.

“ And who from Bow-street lash,  
“ In Birnie has found quarter,  
“ Tho’ my Lady and Miss Dash,  
“ Were shock’d just by the water.

## 11.

“ There’s Jolliffe drinking max,  
“ A pillar of the state,  
“ With gaiters made most lax,  
“ Tho’ laxer in his gait.

## 12.

- “ And there is Devonshire,  
“ Enacting plays in Surrey,  
“ Poor Shakspeare in the mire,  
“ And Byron leaving Murray.

## 13.

- “ And there's one Mrs. Coutts,  
“ The Piccadilly dame,  
“ And Hoby building boots,  
“ Tho' seldom paid for same.

## 14.

- “ And there is Baring's house,  
“ A cash-box from the city,  
“ Lord Eldon with his *nous*,  
“ And Erskine poor, tho' witty.

## 15.

“ There’s Hope’s triumphal gate  
“ That cost ten thousand pence,  
“ And Cobourg apeing state,  
“ To make John Bull pretence.

## 16.

“ There’s our great sovereign lord,  
“ The king of England still,  
“ And Conyngham’s whole hoard  
“ In waiting, now he’s ill.

## 17.

“ There tailors strut like peers,  
“ In coats of their own build,  
“ With claims of twenty years,  
“ Which ask’d for—they are *mill’d*.

## 18.

“ But I shall chaunt all day,  
“ With this same Western ditty,  
“ So now I'll take my way,  
“ And pound it in the city.

## 19.

“ Don't talk to me of West,  
“ I like the Eastern sphere,  
“ It suits the pocket best,  
“ Things better, and less dear.

## 20.

“ Besides cits pay their way,  
“ And don't contract a bill,  
“ And if not quite so gay,  
“ They can be—when they will.

## 21.

“ Why, look at Carlton House,  
“ And then go to Guildhall,  
“ A tortoise to a louse,  
“ And fifty times as small.

## 22.

“ I’ll lay a good round sum,  
“ That Gog and Magog stand,  
“ Before the Regent’s bomb,  
“ Confessed on every hand.

## 23.

“ And then the Court that’s kept  
“ Within its sacred walls,  
“ Why Brougham’s far outleapt,  
“ When Waithman’s pathos falls.

## 24.

“ That man of shawls who can  
“ Bend to the city’s weal,  
“ With speeches spick and span,  
“ Or, if insulted,—*pecl!*

## 25.

“ Then look at member Wood,  
“ Born in the city’s lap,  
“ Who long the Queen’s friend stood,  
“ Nor shrunk for want of sap.

## 26.

“ There’s Curtis too, our boast,  
“ From heaven a civic boon,  
“ Who gave the famous toast,  
“ ‘ A speedy peace, and soon !’

27.

“ And Magnay, our late mayor,  
“ Who saved a heavy purse,  
“ To keep his ledger square,  
“ But what is that to us.

28.

“ And Brydges too, the wise,  
“ Who when he was in power,  
“ Swelled to a wondrous size,  
“ Unheard of since that hour.

29.

“ And Thorp, who polled so high,  
“ He made all Aldgate stare,  
“ That House of Commons Guy,  
“ Arrayed in tret and tare.



30.

“ And Wilson, too, the small  
“ In person and in brain,  
“ Who Cocker knows and all  
“ The casters in his train.

31.

“ And Parkins too X-X,  
“ The wonder of his station,  
“ Who likes the female sex  
“ And acts of filiation.

32.

“ The man who flings his noose  
“ On all opinions now,  
“ Born but to be a goose,  
“ Whose sense is bow, wow, wow.

33.

“ And half a hundred more  
“ Of common-council men,  
“ Who over haunches pore,  
“ ‘ Another glass, and then.’

34.

“ And who, to make a speech,  
“ Are always fit and able,  
“ And half-way through will reach,  
“ And deluge all the table.

35.

“ Don't talk to me of swells,  
“ Or dandy hats or brims,  
“ For Hick and Co. they sells  
“ The hat for Crier Symes.

36.

“ Or if the King you'd meet  
“ With a large *chapeau paille*,  
“ Why walk down Fenchurch-street,  
“ And see young Borradaile.

37.

“ The West may boast the spire  
“ Of Martin in the fields,  
“ Bow-steeple is much higher,  
“ And more of beauty yields.

38.

“ The Burlington arcade  
“ May boast a noble range,  
“ But look at our's for trade—  
“ I mean the Royal Exchange.

## 39.

“ There’s Murray, Hunt, and Lowe,  
“ And many a famous name,  
“ We’ve Longman, Hurst and Co.  
“ Rees, Orme, and Brown, and Bayne.

## 40.

“ And then their legal crew,  
“ Each sports his cabriolet,  
“ And, saving one or two,  
“ They’ve time to drive all day.

## 41.

“ Cits bolt a golden pill,  
“ We’ll learn of their preceptors,  
“ And when they hold a bill,  
“ *Grab* Drawers and Acceptors.

42.

“ The city firms by far  
“ Eclipse the West so stunt,  
“ We’ve Sweet, and Stokes, and Carr,  
“ Swain, Stevens, Pearce and Hunt.

43.

“ The city twelve halls brag  
“ A right to hold the rein,  
“ In turtle feasts, and swag,  
“ And cut and come again.

44.

“ West end, with all its airs,  
“ May envy our great state,  
“ When backed by Wapping stairs  
“ And market Billingsgate.

45.

“ West-enders stare and grunt  
“ And call our customs gritty,  
“ But when they want the *blunt*  
“ They pull up in the city.

46.

“ Their ladies fleece them clean,  
“ ‘ Come pay you must, and can ;’  
“ ‘ My darling, don’t be mean,  
“ ‘ Drive down to Masterman.’

47.

“ It ever must be so,  
“ The Bank within our wall,  
“ The West end soon may go,  
“ The city cannot fall.

48.

“Gazetted they may be,  
“One shilling in the pound,  
“We’ll be their assignee,  
“And then they’ll soon come round.

49.

“So now I’ll pledge my cup,  
“Here’s to the East and West,  
“May each keep t’other up,  
“And neither will be best.

50.

“Here’s to the Mayor and King,  
“Both kings of their own world,  
“Long life to both I sing,  
“And honors bright unfurl’d!

## THE TEA TABLE.



1.

The tea was up, and ladies fair  
Around the table sat,  
In curling ringlets flowed their hair,  
The urn was on a mat. (17)

2.

And one presided at the fount,  
Whence tea-pot comfort flows,  
The steamy columns safely mount, (18)  
The social circle glows.



## 3.

And soon the gentlemen appeared,  
To summons oft-time sent,  
They from the wine were safely steer'd,  
Tho' on its virtues bent.

## 4.

The wine was good, and they were free  
To taste the gen'rous cup,  
Nor cut were they with revelry,  
But certainly bang up.

## 5.

It was the hour with them when wit,  
If any be, will flow, <sup>(19)</sup>  
Nor sense-shorn, vaguely, did they sit,  
Making incessant row.

## 6.

As some I've seen from wine arise  
To join the ladies fair,  
With gaze of most imbecile eyes,  
And most unpleasant stare.

## 7.

And others who before the hour  
Of dinner-time was near,  
To say a word had not the power,  
All spooney, and all fear ;

## 8.

But who, when Bacchus waved his wand,  
Outstripped all other men  
In chaff and press of ladies' hand,  
Ten thousand times to ten.

## 9.

Or others, methodist and cant,  
With visage most serene,  
Who 'gainst all worldly follies rant,  
Tho' drenching a tureen. <sup>(20)</sup>

## 10.

And who, when asked to fill their glass,  
Press forward hands most lean,  
And half fill up, tho' for a lass ;  
'Tis paltry, small, and mean.

## 11.

Such men profess above the earth  
*In toto*, bolt, to rear,  
And tell you women's eyes and mirth,  
In condemnation are.

## 12.

Now watch these men without their dress  
Of moody sanctity,  
They squint and lear, and wink and press,  
The dupes of their own lie. (21)

## 13.

But we will let the subject drop,  
And take a dish of tea,  
'Twill do us good, and be a prop  
To further jollity.

## 14.

Now Pinder, without fear or shame,  
From fob his time-piece hauls  
"Come Harold, shall we have a game,  
"And knock about the balls!"

15.

“ With all my heart, the thing will do,

“ Light up the billiard-room,

“ Besides, I feel myself in cue,

“ 'Tis ‘ Fleet-street to a broom.’ ’ (22)

## THE BILLIARD ROOM.



1.

“ Come, Harold, choose a cue,  
“ And let us now begin,  
“ This game, my friend, you’ll rue,  
“ I’ll beat, thro’ thick and thin.

2.

“ Now let us take a ball,  
“ Will you have blue or white,  
“ I care—not I—at all,  
“ Say this—come string—all right.

## 3

“ A fine stroke, Harold—good,  
“ I’ve scored you up, my boy,  
“ That cue was made of wood  
“ Cut from a Margate hoy.

## 4.

“ Come, score me up once more,  
“ I’ve pocketed the white,  
“ It was a precious bore,  
“ I hit the red so light.

## 5.

“ Well done, you’re five a head,  
“ Come, I must try my skill,  
“ I’m sorry you had lead,  
“ Without this stroke will kill.

## 6.

“ Bravo! I’ve made it do,  
“ Come score me up a five,  
“ It was a precious screw,  
“ But made, as I’m alive.

## 7.

“ Now I should like to send  
“ That red ball up above,  
“ Or else, you see, that bend  
“ Will obtuse angle prove.

## 8.

“ I think the cannon’s sure,  
“ So here goes, hit or miss,  
“ It seems the cue to lure,  
“ By jingo! there’s a kiss.



## 9.

“ The striker’s twelve to six,  
“ Pinder, I think you’re done,  
“ I’ll try this—five to fix,  
“ And then I’ll call it won.

## 10.

“ Ah! three instead of five,  
“ Well never mind, ’twill do,  
“ It keeps the game alive,  
“ Tho’ ‘ *Houndsditch to a shoe.*’ ”

## 11.

“ Come Pinder, there’s a ball  
“ Enough to tempt the Devil,  
“ You’ll fox it, should it fall,  
“ Behind the cushion level.

## 12.

“ Bravo ! it makes you nine,  
“ The white is in the baulk,  
“ The red one’s straight as line,  
“ You’ll fox him if you chalk.

## 13.

“ A very fine, bold stroke,  
“ ‘*Tis Newgate to a pea,*’  
“ Come I must drop my croak,  
“ You’re flooring me I see.

## 14.

“ Come, try it on again,  
“ I see I’m fairly *done*,  
“ Just put me out of pain,  
“ By jingo !—twenty-one.

15.

“ The game is up, for look,  
“ You may a four stroke book,  
“ Oh no! the thing's alive,  
“ It is—you're twenty-five.

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## THE CHALLENGE.

1.

“ But who comes here, with face so fair,  
“ With angel mien and flowing hair,  
“ And eyes all bright, and heart all free,  
“ O come ye here the game to see?”

2.

“ Yes,” cried the maiden “ I have come,  
“ Unbless'd with trumpet's sound or drum,  
“ And here I stand, and boldly cry,  
“ ‘ I challenge one to play—yes I.’

## 3.

“ Nor look ye down in scorning mood,  
“ And deem me born of coward blood,  
“ For I have come from the room below,  
“ And with daring look I ken my foe.”

## 4.

Then Harold boldly strode him forth,  
“ O come ye here from south or north,  
“ And why so fearlessly and free,  
“ Do you throw challenge out to me ?

## 5.

“ Are ye so skilled in Daring's power,  
“ As to hope for mast'ry in this hour,  
“ Or know you him whose skill you dare  
“ With woman's feeble arm compare ?”

## 6.

“ Oh yes !” she cried, “ I know him well,  
“ He late in equal contest fell,  
“ And here with hand upon this hilt,  
“ I swear I saw his game-blood spilt.” (23)

## 7.

“ No more !” he cried, “ I cannot brook  
“ The cold disdain of that high look,  
“ So take your mace, shall woman’s hand  
“ The skilful power of mine withstand ?

## 8.

“ Beware !” she cried, “ nor be so bold,  
“ In parcel small I will thee fold, (24)  
“ So throw your vaunting scowl to heaven,  
“ Look to the score, and mark me seven.

## 9.

“ What seven to Luff! and shall this maid  
“ With recompense of luck be paid, <sup>(25)</sup>  
“ Oh, I fear not, she may go on,  
“ I’ll let her score till twenty-one.”

## 10.

“ Harold, the score.”—“ I’ve made a five,  
“ I’ll keep this table-war alive,  
“ To five add two, then seven and seven,  
“ Will fourteen make for me—thank heaven!

## 11.

“ On Harold’s brow a change there came,  
“ To be by woman beaten—shame!—  
“ It shall be never!—loud he cried,  
“ Score me up ten—I’ll stem the tide.”

12.

“ Ah ! so you may,” the maiden said,  
Bowling with laughter down her head,  
“ And as you’re near the score, put on,  
“ A four and cannon, twenty-one.”

13.

“ Let fate seize on me, I am lost,  
“ In billiard game by woman crost,  
“ Ah ! never, was my fame so low,  
“ Quelled by the force of woman’s blow !”

14.

“ Cease all your vaunting, cried the maid,  
“ Low in the dust henceforth be laid ;  
“ Look to the score, then look on me,  
“ Truth lies in both, mark twenty-three ”

## 15.

“ Harold, now hear—a female’s hand  
“ This day hath fell’d thee <sup>(26)</sup>,—I command  
“ That henceforth all thy boasting be  
“ Beat by a woman!—Harold flee.”

## 16.


“ The clock strikes twelve in Salter’s tower, <sup>(27)</sup>  
“ And now begins the sacred hour;  
“ Resign the cue—the contest cease,  
“ Nor aught disturb the Sabbath’s peace.”



## SPREES OF THE HALL.

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### CANTO III.



#### MORNING HYMN.

##### 1.

“ The morn is breaking in its pride,

“ O'er eastern sky expanded wide,

“ The dissipating vapours fly,

“ In silent mystic majesty.

“ The lark is up, and Nature flings <sup>(28)</sup>

“ Her mellow tones o'er thousand strings.

## 2.

“ No longer now is seen from far  
“ The lustre of each fitful star,  
“ No more the moon's pale glories beam,  
“ In yonder solitary stream.

“ The lark, &c.

## 3.

“ But one broad light dispels the gloom,  
“ That shrouded Nature in her tomb ;  
“ All shines in one resplendent ray,  
“ The promise of a blissful day.

“ The lark, &c.

## 4.

“ How fast those vapours disappear,  
“ And roll before the eastern sphere ;  
“ How cloudless now, how free, how bright  
“ Appears that radiant world of light.

“ The lark, &c.

## 5

“ All Nature seems to feel the love,  
“ Distilling from the realm above ,  
“ And all creation joins to raise,  
“ The voice of gratitude and praise.  
“ The lark, &c.

## 6.

“ The trout from out his shelter'd nook,  
“ Springs to the current of the brook,  
“ Now stems the playful eddying tide,  
“ Or leaps in circlets gath'ring wide.  
The lark, &c.

## 7.

“ And the lone pike in sullen mood,  
“ Darts on the minnow, savory food,  
“ Or straight and motionless is seen (29)  
“ Within the shadowing rushes green,  
“ The lark, &c.

S.

“ The morn is breaking in its pride,  
“ O'er eastern sky expanded wide,  
“ A day of rest from toil is given,  
“ And God alone is seen in heaven. (30)  
“ Let man awake when Nature brings,  
“ Her matin praise from thousand springs.”

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THE ARISING.

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1.

Harold arose, nor had he cause for sleep,  
The early rays of Sol so bright did peep :  
To be in bed on such a glorious morning,  
Would be a sin, therefore he dous'd all yawning.

## 2.

"Twas well he found his sleep that night so good,  
For the next night the de'il a bit he could,  
And he was so beset with dire disasters,  
That well he needed goddess Sleep's pilasters.

## 3.

But now I only touch at what shall come  
Hereafter—here I cannot spare the room,  
If His room had been spared this work would be  
Shorter by lines some fifty-two or three."

## 4.

Harold arose and dressed himself anon,  
Brief was his cladding, straightway he was gone;  
He was town togg'd, in Primefit's best arraying<sup>(31)</sup>,  
Bright was the Bond-street ray he glared that day in.

## 5.

For well he guessed his anti-bumpkin dressing,  
Would cause, in church, that morn, an extra pressing  
Of ladies fair, from out the village store-house  
Filling the church so full they'd almost need some  
more house.

## 6.

And well he ween'd that it was quite befitting,  
To dim the rays of dandy haw-bucks sitting,  
In church pew state, and rigid starch-bound throat,  
Apeing the cut and pad of special town-built coat.

## 7.

Harold paced on along the staircase border,  
And silence reign'd all due to Sabbath order;  
Then sought the stairs, descending slow of foot,  
Noiseless was he, without the creak of boot.

## 8.

Onward he went and sought the breakfast room,  
Refresh'd and garnish'd from the housemaid's broom  
Then took his place in order at the table,  
For matin meal prepared both fit and able.

## 9.

Ere long he sate the Castle Lord came greeting,  
And free and gen'rous was his mode of meeting ;  
Then follow'd, like the rainbow's arch of beauty, <sup>(32)</sup>  
The ladies' bright—to pay their early duty—

## 10.

Oh ! 'tis a sight that swells the heart to praise,  
And prompts in gratitude the hands to raise,  
When hearts all light and gay from slumber broken,  
Hail the glad morn and proffer mutual token.

## 11.

The breakfast o'er, and church time drawing near,  
All for their wonted duty now prepare;  
Promptly obedient to the tinkling sound  
From village spire, which summons all around.



## THE DEPARTURE TO CHURCH.



## 1.

Now all arrayed—each gentleman engages,  
A lady fair to suit their different ages;  
Then sally forth, engross'd in soft discourse,  
And ne'er forget the church path is their course.



## 2.

And Harold's arm was link'd with one fair maid,  
To whom in varied accent much he said;  
And as they pass'd, each boy and girl paid duty,  
In lowly bow obedient to their shoe-tie.

## 3.

Oh! 'tis a sight that fills the mind with joy,  
To catch the smile of peasant girl and boy;  
And view the gratitude that blossoms there,  
Their best return for Patron's love and care.

## 4.

And those fair flowers are blessed who take the rule,  
O'er those who have the care of village school,  
And lend their time and care to instruct the mind:  
Heaven is their recompense, on earth a recompense  
they find.

## 5.

Their work is blessed—blessed is the joy,  
It is twice bless'd all full without alloy ;  
And while they point the rustic mind to Heaven,  
The brightest earnest of its bliss is given.

## 6.

As near the church-yard door the party drew,  
The muscles of each face in order flew ;  
For 'tis a sin below all others sinking,  
To be—near such a place—on folly thinking.

## THE CHURCH.

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### THE OUT.

#### 1.

The church that rose before their eyes <sup>(33)</sup>.  
Was well proportioned to its size,  
    High rose its ancient tower ;  
It seem'd Time's withering touch to tell,  
By every stone which crumbling fell  
    Beneath his ruthless power !

#### 2.

The Architect, a skilful man,  
Had wisely chosen for his plan,

The style of Gothic building ;  
For well he deem'd the place should be,  
Suited to calm solemnity,  
Without or shew or gilding.

## 3.

A peal of bells hung high above,  
A clock the flight of time to prove,  
And sun-dial on the wall ;  
It seemed that once the tower was bent,  
And yet a faithful buttress lent  
Its aid to save its fall.

## 4.

The portico that graced the front,  
Had firmly stood the storm's rude brunt,  
For a long tide of years :  
But latterly it seem'd to be,  
Tott'ring with mute infirmity,  
To excite the Warden's fears.

## 5.

Beneath the porch a rude seat stood,  
All curiously carved the wood,  
    With many a rustic's name :  
But they, alas ! are seen no more,  
Who cut the settle to its core,  
    To insure posthumous fame.

## 6.

And some crude verses there were grav'd,  
All luck to time that they were saved,  
    To grace the album's page ;  
Some love-lorn clown had planted there,  
The death strains of his faithless fair,  
    In most imbecile rage.

## 7.

And there, upon that spot, at night,  
Some maid would meet her wit-less wight,

With cautious step and falter :  
And she would say " I hope, dear John,  
" You will not love me here alone,  
But love me at the altar !"

## 8.

How many a love-torn, love-sick maid,  
From time to time has been betrayed,  
By church-porch deep-sworn vow,  
Who never got her plighted spouse,  
To walk inside the sacred house <sup>(34)</sup>,  
And make his marriage bow.

## THE CHURCH.



### THE IN.

#### 1.

The entrance by the northern door,  
Was wide and had an ancient floor,  
    Inlaid in curious fashion :  
And there six pillars of Saxon mould,  
In freshest white-wash proudly bold,  
    Stood forth with many a gash on.

#### 2.

In gazing at this ancient Church,  
The altar seem'd to suffer lurch,

Without illumination ;  
The frame-work of a window stood,  
Mysteriously hid by wood,  
Exciting rumination.

## 3.

But when the hour of church draws near,  
This mystery appears more clear,  
As clear as mud in gutter ;  
For soon a painted window shines,  
Or window painted on two blinds (<sup>35</sup>),  
Reveal'd by bolt-drawn shutter.

## 4.

The gallery boasts an instrument,  
From DAV IS (Charles) of London, sent :



Which does the maker credit :—  
As to the strummer on its keys,  
He seemed to play it with his knees,  
And dragg'd instead of led it.

## 5.

But well he tried the hundredth psalm,  
And drove it on without alarm,  
Because he knew he knew it ;  
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,  
Next glow'd in crotchets and in bars,  
For the bellows-blower blew it.

## 6

The man who led the service through <sup>(36)</sup>,  
Was faithful to his charge and true,

And acted what he taught :  
Unlike the careless modern teachers,  
Who much prefer with other preachers,  
To buy life as it's bought.

## 7.

And Harold all the sermon seem'd  
From worldly thoughts to be redeemed,  
Except one glance or two ;  
He gave the spot, where fifty eyes,  
Were gazing on him with surprize,  
In black, and grey, and blue.

## 8.

A square pew full of serving dames,  
All there alone without their flames,

Excited his attention ;  
With bonnets fair, and dark brown hair,  
And eyes all stare, and bosoms bare ;  
And more he cannot mention.

## 9.

And in the gallery, there was one  
Who had his eyes full fixed upon,  
The ladies Harold sat with :  
A fine old man, who long had been,  
Away upon the distant main,  
All foreign language pat with.

## 10.

And when those ladies smiled, he seemed  
To recollect, that once he deemed

A little church flash patter ;  
Not altogether out of place,  
Tho' then, he wore a dismal face,  
And thought it sinful matter.

11.

The sermon done, the organ roll'd  
Anew, with diapason bold,  
A summons for the exit :  
And I must cease—depart in peace,  
'Till I again renew this lease,  
Or when in church shall next sit.

## SPREES OF THE HALL.

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### CANTO IV.

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#### THE PROPHECY.

1.

FROM church returned, the party sought the bower  
Which rises fair to sooth the sacred hour,  
And each a book of rare morality  
Unfolded wide before the azure sky.

2.

Then came the dinner hour, and then the tea,  
Nor did those moments carelessly all flee  
There is a calm which every mind should sway,  
And Harold felt that calm—how merciful the day!

## 3.

And soon the sun his parting glories shed,  
And soon the night led on the hour for bed,  
Then each retired, or shewed a wish to reap  
Mild, balmy influence from the god of sleep.

## 4.

Tw'as past the hour of one when Harold bent  
His way to rest, and o'er the staircase leant,  
What soft, melodious accents stem his way,  
Hush, to the theme—"The red star sheds its ray."

## 5.

"The red star sheds its ray!"—He heard,  
And deemed it some deep trick deferred,  
Nor falsely spoke the warbling bird,  
The truth ensues—prepare your heart to curd

## FIRST SPREE.



1.

The door was fast in Harold's room,  
One taper mocked the twilight's gloom,  
    The time was half-past two,  
The night-bound mists were disappearing,  
Over the hills Sol's head was rearing  
    When he his curtain drew.

2.

And, as he trod the downy mound,  
He thought he heard a muttering sound,

Mysteriously dim,  
And female voices seemed to be  
Mixed with the spell—and then to flee  
Like parting cherubim.

## 3.

And now and then a tittering noise,  
'Twixt hope and fear his mind would poise,  
With sound of patting feet,  
Some mischief seemed to be o'the wing,  
Though yet he did not feel its sting,  
Nor did he deem it meet.

## 4.

And as he lay a voice there came  
From out a blue, unearthly flame,



“ The red star sheds its ray !”  
Then all at once ten thousand strings,  
Attached to bed-clothes, curtains, rings,  
Pulled each a separate way.

## 5.

And soon he found himself to be  
Very far gone in nudity,  
All earthly trappings were not ;  
And still the strings all tugged away,  
Leaving the pillow-case at bay,  
For Virtue's sake, oh stare not.

## 6.

Then from his matrass couch he rose,  
Lost in dismay and direst pose,

To seek the Spree's abettors ;—  
But just as he the door had found  
All sprawling fell he on the ground,  
Caught in the stringy fetters.

## 7.

He thought to cut the cords anon,  
But found he had no small-clothes on,  
In which a knife might be,  
And all the while loud bursts of laughter  
On the Spree's wind came roaring after,  
Mocking his misery !

## 8.

" Revenge !" he cried, " let me catch one  
" Abetting in this lair of fun,

“ She’ll mourn her birth-day’s pride ;  
“ The horse was fleet that bore this Spree,  
“ I’ll on his back spring after thee,  
“ ’Tis now my turn to ride.” (37)

## 9.

Then quickly all the noise withdrew,  
Swift as the wind the threatening flew,  
“ Away, away, away,  
“ A \* \* \* to your room, lock fast the door,  
“ Nor tarry on the staircase floor,  
“ Keep the wild wolf at bay !”

## 10.

Then Harold drew his stocking sleet ;—  
The door closed on him, he was fleet

Like England's, Richard, third king,  
On deep intent, with folded arms,  
And slow of foot, to save alarms,  
So still you'd hear a bird sing.

11.

Then at the door of a small place,  
To tell its name I've hardly face,  
But truth I can't dissemble,  
He list'ned, thought he heard a sound  
A patting, on the closet's ground  
A tremulate—a tremble.

12.

Then Harold raised him on a chair  
And quickly saw his captive there,

Who begged him room for flying ;  
But he was stern, and pleased to find  
One captive in arrear of wind,  
Tho' in such place 'twas trying.

## 13.

Nor long he stood in doubting mood  
Whether to fly or stay he should,  
For he espied the key ;  
Which fate had destined should be there,  
On the outside, to impound the fair  
And swell the tragedy.

## 14.

And as the key was near his hand,  
To turn it round he did not stand,

Or draw it from its socket ;  
The thing was done, his captive prayed  
To be released, but he essayed  
To put it in his pocket.

## 15.

At least he dropped it on the floor,  
For pockets lacked he then, and more,  
He only had a shirt on ;  
He stood as Edmund Kean, the actor,  
Stands to enact the Roman Lictor  
With a chemise just girt on.

## 16.

Then paced he forward with great care,  
Till stumbling forward on a stair

His shin was sorely knock'd at ;  
'Twas well he lay there all alone,  
For being of our skin and bone,  
Might have been deeply shock'd at.

## 17.

Then rising up he bent his course,  
On tott'ring shin impelled perforce,  
To encounter deepest danger ;  
And stretching out his arms, he tried  
To embrace the staircase passage wide,  
And grab the first fair Ranger.

## 18.

Then fleet in mood as Eaglet's wing,  
He stooped in attitude to spring,

And slowly crept the stair up ;  
And near the elbow of the flight,  
By shining of the pale moon-light,  
He spied the sprec-Nymphs there up.

## 19.

While drawing back one pace or more,  
He heard a pit-pat, on the floor  
A Nymph's fair form descended ;  
Then like a meteor from the sky  
He darted at her ;—shrill the cry  
That solemn night-hour rended.

## 20.

She broke his hold and rushed away,  
Oh fly, escape !—fly, while you may !”



She screamed in loudest wailing ;  
“ Shut fast the door, we’re all undone,  
“ Woe, woe betide if he catch one,  
“ The deadly Foe’s prevailing.”

## 21.

Harold broke on—all danger fled  
Before him swiftly as he sped,  
Revenge me was his cry ;  
Then fiercely at each door he shook,  
To wrench the hasp from out its nook,  
But vainly did he try.

## 22.

And he laugh’d loud to hear the din  
And flutter of the maids within,

In fear about the lock ;  
And every wrench the good door had,  
Made them all quake, and sore afraid,  
Shock answering to shock.

## 23.

But finding that he could not gain  
Admittance there and tried in vain,  
He backward bent his way ;  
Nettled and sore, bedash'd he felt,  
To be so near the fair ones belt <sup>(38)</sup>  
And let her break away.

## 24.

Nor did his nettling just then cease,  
He thought to slink to bed in peace,

And risk no further danger ;  
And little deemed (such fool was he)  
Outside his door he'd left the key  
To shut him from his manger.

25.

And sure enough the key was gone,  
And he stood there, cold and alone,  
The Biter fairly bitten ;  
Till one came up in vengeful mood,  
And shook him fiercely, as he stood  
His ribs were sorely smitten.

25.

He begged for Mercy, swift she flew,  
The door was wide, the bolt he drew,

Worn out with midnight ramble ;  
The terror o'er, the spree Nymphs fled,  
Almos with their long watching dead,  
In helter-skelter scramble.

27.

The last scene closed, the curtain fell,  
Clamour withdrew, and midnight yell,  
Deep silence reigned around ;  
To sleep poor Harold could not settle,  
Till he pulled out a stinging nettle  
With holly-prickles bound.

28.

Then Morpheus locked him in his arms,  
But gave him visions of alarms

Which checked and broke his sleeping ;  
The Nightmare reigned upon his breast,  
And he had any thing but rest,  
Till broad day-light was peeping.

INCIPITUR TO THE SECOND SPREE.

---

A change came o'er the spirit of the Sprees,  
As Sunbeams tinge or fade the forest trees,  
As Wintry winds precede the summer breeze,  
As the pale Moon before day's Chariot flees,  
As hearts will all be love, and then as strangely freeze,  
Or changing as the Pilgrim's face when he the night-  
wolf sees.

## SECOND SPREE.

---

### 1.

In Pinder's Dome the lamp was dim,  
Hush'd was the calm Venetian hymn,  
Flat candlesticks assembled ;  
Harold took his, and he essayed  
Foremost upon the stairs to tread,  
The cause he did dissemble.

### 2.

And when he gained his bed-room flight,  
To suit his plan he doused his light,

And laid him on his back ;  
And there as dead and cold he lay,  
Speechless and pale, and stiff as clay,  
As if he'd fallen, whack !

## 3.

His candlestick lay on his chest,  
Fixed was his eye, his lips close prest,  
He seemed all freed from earth ;  
No one who saw him lying there,  
Would deem it fiction, or prepare  
To see him rise in mirth.

## 4.

The servants first to bed up went,  
And half in fear o'er hand-rail leant



To gaze upon him lying ;  
Some deemed it fun, while others thought  
It was a joke too dearly bought,  
If he dissembled dying.

## 5

Then came the inmates of the Hall,  
On mischief brewing one and all,  
And deemed him snug in bed ;  
And little thought they that before  
The second spree was on the floor,  
Their victim would be dead

## 6.

For dead he seemed, tho' they began  
To rouse his life to one short span,

By pulling at his nose ;  
And boasted soon that they would make  
The dead man from his sleep awake,  
But he nor winced nor rose.

## 7.

Then one cried out with roar of laughter,  
“ Lyndon, bring out your jug of water,  
“ And drown him if not dead :”  
Then o'er his hands, his feet, his face,  
The watery torrent rolled apace.  
And down his bosom sped.

## 8.

But he ne'er changed his death-like form  
And stiff he lay without alarm,

Unheeding that cold flood ;  
Then cried another, " draw a knife,  
" If he's not gone we'll rescue life  
" By ounce or two of blood."

## 9.

But he well knew before its starting  
This threat would be all, " Betty Martin,"  
To leave out " all my eye ;"  
In purpose firm, he lay more cold  
Than ever, in his project bold  
Determined to be *fly*.

## 10.

Then Lyndon brought a pot of jelly,  
And leaning forward on his " stomach,"

He forced some down his grinders ;  
This would not do, for still he lay,  
And one cried out, " Let's light some hay,  
" And burn his trunk to cinders."

## 11.

But ere this last threat was obeyed,  
A lady cried, " I think him dead,  
" 'Tis now no time for joking ;  
" For he has borne all things that make  
" A man, that is not dead, awake  
" In tickling, drenching, poking."

## 12.

" His hand falls dead, his lips are pale,  
He's one cold mass from head to tail,

“ He could not feign so nearly;  
“ Let’s raise him up upon a chair,  
“ And damp his brow, and dry his hair,  
“ He’s gone—I think so really.”

## 13.

Then some looked queer with faces long,  
And changed the burthen of their song,  
“ Let’s hope it’s not the case :  
“ Perchance he swoons—oh get some aid,  
“ Lyndon, will you call Ann the maid ?”  
“ Yes, ma’am, I’ll run apace.”

## 14.

Then Harold thro’ his eyelids peeped,  
Tho’ glued as if in sise they’d steeped

For a whole year or more ;  
And thus, within himself, he said,  
“ I see no fun in lying dead,  
“ 'Tis a confounded bore.”

## 15.

Then watching a good time to spring,  
He darted forward on the ring  
Of ladies bland around him ;  
Away they ran in heedless flight,  
He chased them close, both left and right,  
And mortal many found him.

## 16.

But soon a sight his eyes assailed  
Which o'er all other jokes prevailed,

To rend his sides with laughter ;  
For Pinder's head was jammed between  
The staircase rails with arms unseen,  
His body hanging after.

## 17.

And there he was to watch the sight,  
So deep in interest on that night,  
With serious look intent ;  
Like Chinese man in yoke he stood,  
Surrounded with the hanging wood,  
As if to Coventry sent.

## 18.

Then each to bed prepared to go,  
Tho' some went warily and slow,

For reasons they knew best ;  
And Harold dropped from jade and tire,  
A trick was laid but it missed fire,  
Adown he sunk to rest.



#### INCIPITUR TO THE THIRD SPREE.



Then o'er the Sprces another change there came,  
They were all multiform, nor twice appeared the  
same,  
As tind'ry sparks assume a bright or paler flame,  
As pace like varies in the blind or lame,  
As beasts develope power, or be they wild or tame,  
As plaintiff and defendant change within the Courts  
of claim.



### THIRD SPREE.



1.

Night came once more, a dreaded night,  
Prepared for Spree of loftiest flight,  
All former Sprees transcending ;  
'Twas well a Magistrate lived near,  
Who might perchance that revel hear  
The veil of slumber rending.

2

And on each face a knowing look  
The hope of sleep in Harold shook,

For well he guessed its meaning ;  
And whispering voices came and fled,  
With hidden eye and downcast head  
All busy mischief teeming.

## 3.

And then the Lady of the House,  
Quite harmlessly addressed her Spouse,  
“ My dear, poor Jane is ill ;  
“ I think I'd better go and try  
“ To give her something, she may die  
“ Without or dose or pill ”

## 4.

Away she went, and soon came back,  
“ The Servant's very ill, good lack !

“ I hope she’ll mend ere morning ;  
“ And soon I must step up again,  
“ And see her, she is in great pain,  
“ I fear she’ll give me warning.”

## 5.

Now all this chaffing seemed to be  
In Harold’s mind a mystery,  
Although it bore a shade  
Of earnest from the fair one’s zeal,  
But little dreamed him, he should feel  
The sickness of the maid.

## 6.

The sequel will anon dispense  
Of all aforesaid deep pretence,

About the maiden Jane,  
The nose might tell a different story,  
Whose foot sunk deep, when in his glory <sup>(39)</sup>  
Poor Chanticleer was ta'en?

## 7.

But I will not by piecemeal tell  
A Spree that was performed so well,  
I give to all due credit;  
Nor will I touch on Harold's look,  
How his eye scanned the fated book,  
And guessed, before he read it.

## 8.

And soon the exit summons came,  
The table glared with many a flame

From divers candles lighted ;  
Harold's burnt blue—and omens dire  
Begirt the dim, unearthly fire,  
His hope of rest was blighted.

## 9.

For he was one who long had scanned,  
Of candle ills the numerous band,  
The winding sheet—the pall :  
And those dread signs old women fear,  
By most abjured, to him were clear,  
And he believed them all.

## 10.

For why should fire or rush-light be  
Denied the acts of agency,

Of mysteries the handle ;  
All men have each a separate gate,  
Thro' which they learn the will of fate.  
Now I believe in candle. (40)

## 11.

Then Harold paced his way to bed,  
And near his door the blue fame sped,  
Which told the spot of danger ;  
He scann'd each dormitory nook,  
With trembling foot and pallid look,  
Of Wild Oats he the Ranger.

## 12.

But all seem'd safe, nor could he trace  
That any thing was out of place,

So into bed he rolled ;  
All lost in silence seemed to be,  
Excepting that the hour of three  
From Salter's turret tolled.

## 13.

Harold slept soundly till the hour,  
When morning clouds begin to low'r,  
And then he heard a chucking ;  
A sort of restless flapping sound,  
Seemed to encompass him around,  
Like plash of wild-fowl ducking.

## 14.

Amazed he lay in thinking mood,  
To scan the plot, if scan he could,

And still the noise prevailed ;  
He deemed it strange at break of day,  
That any spree should hold its sway,  
Or he with it assailed.

## 15.

And as he cast his eye above,  
He saw the bed-tick covering move,  
A scratching noise ensued :  
The bed seemed bound in mystic spell,  
And he cried out " am I in h—ll,  
" Or with my wits endued ?"

## 16.

Nor long he mused, when shrill and clear,  
Enough to deafen Pluto's ear,



And rend the chamber through ;  
Aloft in giddy twirl from ceiling,  
His morning song incessant pealing,  
Dropt " cock-a-doodle-doo."

## 17.

Then round the room, in sore dismay,  
He flapped his wings and broke away,  
With anger sore betaken,  
Till Harold grabbed him on the floor,  
To give him exit at the door,  
And scope the house to waken.

## 18.

Then on the staircase of the Hall  
He clucked with misery's wildest call,

And loud the echo sounded ;  
For nothing could his rage controul,  
He dashed as race-horse to the goal,  
Be-devil'd, torn, confounded.

## 19.

And the shrill summons quickly sped,  
Swift flew the cry from bed to bed,  
Alarm the Hall pervaded ;  
More dread and dire than cackling Goose,  
Ere Carthage valor was let loose,  
Invading and invaded.

## 20.

And soon his clarion voice awoke  
The serving-man, from short snooze broke,

Brief was his scant attire ;  
And pale was Saunders on that morn,  
With gaiters lax, and beard unshorn,  
As if begirt with fire.

## 21.

The angry bird flashed by his face,  
And he essayed to check his pace  
By catching at his wing ;  
Nor did he fail—as one might tell  
From that loud wail—as if from hell,  
A summons there did ring.

## 22.

Then gathering up the kingly fowl,  
He laid him snugly cheek by jowl

•

In a most rigid ball ;  
And from the window's sill he dropt him,  
Then back again to bed he popped him,  
In grievous plight and maul.

## 23.

In Fowl-house territory keep,  
He found his Harem fast asleep,  
And all in order good ;  
The war had been so fierce and smart,  
That much he took it to his heart,  
'Twas natural he should.

## 24.

And all day long in roosting mood,  
With plumage sorely plucked he stood,

Nor joined the feather'd crew :  
Absent from mid-day meal was he,  
Nor at the bowl, or feeding tree,  
And fixed as if by glue.

25.

Deep silence o'er the Hall reposed,  
Each eye in calmest sleep was closed,  
Nor snore that stillness broke,  
Excepting one from out the room  
Where lay the untimely waken'd Groom  
But mellow was his croak.

26.

He would have heard whose vigil kept  
That stilly watch while others slept,

All was so death-like—mute;  
The vibrate of a thought on wing,  
The softest touch of a dulcet string,  
Or the spider's pale thread shoot.

## INCIPITUR TO THE FOURTH SPREE.

---

A final change came o'er the Sprees in sorrow,  
And deeply were they tinged in thy sad gloom to-  
morrow ;  
Yet start not back, nor deem they savoured all of  
horror,  
But from the past lake tints and glowing colors bor-  
row ;  
Shall we not smile in youth, though age the brow  
shall furrow ?  
So we will smile e'en now, though fears may come  
while you the fourth Spree follow.

#### FOURTH SPREE.

---

1.

"Your face is pale, my lovely child,  
" And hurried is your mien and wild,  
" I fear the walk was long ;  
" Under the sun's bright, shining ray,  
" I ween you lost your strength to-day,  
" 'Tis true—and it was wrong.

2.

" On outset we felt no alarm,  
" Our path was graced with many a charm,"



Said Harold to the fair ;  
“ And then all Nature seemed to smile,  
“ And the long treacherous way beguile  
“ With beauteous flowers and rare.

## 3.

“ And Cashiotbury looked so bright,  
“ It made the cheerful heart run light,  
“ Beyond its strength and power ;  
“ And full I hope that no alarm,  
“ Will either of the fair ones harm,  
“ Arising from that hour.”

## 4.

Thus Harold spoke, for well he knew  
The fair were tired, and this he drew

From his own languid mood ;  
And thns he said—" If woman's strength  
" E'er shot beyond man's liberal length,  
" 'Tis fitting now it should."

## 5

It was agreed, an early cup  
Of tea should bear their spirits up,  
And rally back their bloom ;  
For lily hues had ta'en the place  
Of roseate tints on each fair face,  
With more of fear than gloom.

## 6.

And there was one of all the three,  
Who seemed to droop most witheringly,

A violet bent with dew ;  
And feeble Nature's feebleness,  
More slowly drawn, grew less and less,  
Dim was that eye of blue.

## 7.

Oh 'tis a sight that chills the heart,  
To see the heavenly hues depart  
From lovely woman's eye ;  
If there's a power within the soul,  
Its better nature to controul,  
And try it—this will try.

## 8.

And where is he of human mould,  
Who then from pity can withhold,

To cherish sympathy ;  
To coldly gaze nor feel a power  
Come o'er him in such painful hour,  
Speaks all of apathy.

## 9.

Man has some pity in his breast,  
Or he'd abjure this mortal vest,  
And loathe the chilly clay ;  
Tho' there are some who scarcely prove,  
They feel this kindred touch to love,  
It melts so soon away.

## 10.

And some there are who feel the most,  
Tho' certainly they cannot boast

The outward show and mien ;  
The deepest feelings always lie  
Hidden from vulgar scrutiny,  
While shallow ones are seen.

## 11.

There is a matchless loveliness,  
In feeble hour that will impress  
With an unearthly art ;  
A woman's form so pure and pale,  
Like cherub's face within the veil,  
And marble lips apart.

## 12.

The dewy brow, the closing eye,  
The temper'd gaze of vacancy .

Are dear to classic mind ;  
Oh that such form from earth were free,  
Sever'd from pain and agony !  
A model how refined !

## 13.

Such form I've seen as Grecian art,  
Could never in her taste impart,  
Tho' Phidias ruled the day ;  
And some I know who still may vie  
With forms of rare antiquity,  
As beautiful as they.

## 14.

Though all shine not in beauty's grace,  
Nor boast a finished mould or face,

Still there is much to love ;  
The mind will beam and light the eye,  
With winning truth and modesty,  
And more than lovely prove.

## 15.

And men might gaze, and sun their eyes,  
In each pure grace as calm it lies  
Within its holy shrine ;  
Till they would almost feel a charm  
Beyond the power of earth to harm,  
Mysterious, yet divine

## 16.

Such varied gifts in them we see,  
And perfect all in their degree,

Man will, and must, admire ;  
This world without them would appear  
A trackless, desolated sphere,  
A chilly dungeon dire.

## 17.

And men would wander to and fro,  
In misery's deepest, deadliest show,  
All spiritless and dull ;  
As if in search of some faint ray,  
To gild their cold, unearthly day,  
So loathsome, void and null.

## 18.

Oh, while we live within the light  
Of their soft smiles, so warm and bright,



Let us esteem the boon ;  
For quickly comes the last chill hour,  
When love and hate must yield their power,  
With some it may be soon.

## 19.

But I must clip my soaring plume,  
Or I shall leave but scanty room  
For that which follows now ;  
I must pourtray the closing acts,  
And merge chimericals in facts,  
With a most solemn brow.

## 20.

Before I start I'll give one hint,  
Or my humanity may tint

With an uncourtly hue ;  
Before the facts I now rehearse  
Were modelled to this shape of verse,  
I wept in feeling true.

## 21.

I say I wept, because all thought  
My sympathy was scarcely wrought,  
With their reality ;  
'Tis true I felt, but could not veil  
A smile that would my brow assail,  
I tried—it would not fly.

## 22.

For in the grouping of those scenes,  
The serious had such go-betweens

Of comic shade and light ;  
That I, of all men in the world,  
Should have been fast asleep, or hurled  
In distance on that night.

## 23.

But I begin—to bed-room rest,  
Within the Hall retired each guest,  
Save Harold, luckless youth !  
And he, for fun, must creep behind  
The spree-nymphs in each nook and wind,  
Of staircase path, forsooth !

## 24.

And when they reached their destiny,  
A shriek burst sudden, shrill and high,

It was a tone of grief ;  
And yet he deemed it all a jest,  
And linked its import with the rest,  
Such was his judging—brief.

25.

But still the wail was loud and told,  
More than mere jesting could unfold,  
And he turned pale with fear ;  
And hurried steps the chamber paced,  
And whisperings said, “ She’s tightly laced,  
“ Oh rouse yourself, my dear.”

26.

Then Harold darted from his nook,  
Mock-modesty his mind forsook,

The chamber door was wide ;  
Within reclined, by glimmering light,  
He saw a form all deadly white,  
And one that form beside.

## 27.

And he essayed to raise her arm,  
And gently spoke in accents calm,  
Befitting her faint mood ;  
And never was his hand so blessed,  
As when that pallid arm he pressed,  
Impassioned as he stood.

## 28.

And scents and water lent their aid,  
To rouse the fainting, drooping maid,

And sooth her marble brow ;  
Cosmetics failed, and limpid stream  
Passed idly as an idle dream,  
All unavailing now.

29.

The deeper shades of paleness shed  
A tono tint, like an infant dead,  
Across that seeming life ;  
So calmly mute and motionless,  
Like freedom from the long distress,  
Of pain's unequal strife.

30.

Thus lay the fair—and soon her wail  
To others told the dismal tale,

The danger quickly sped ;  
“ Hush ! did you not hear that dismal cry ?  
“ Put on your clothes, my dear, and fly,  
“ I'm sure there's some one dead.”

## 31.

Then first the Lady of the Hall,  
Obeyed the dictate of that call,  
And gathered garments brief ;  
With hasty step, in fluttering mood,  
She strode the staircase, rood by rood,  
To offer quick relief

## 32.

But scarce she reached the chamber door,  
When staggering dropt she on the floor,

With a most piercing cry ;  
“ She faints ! she swoons ! ” the echo ran,  
“ Fly to the maids ! call up the man !  
“ Above ! below ! on high ! ”

33.

Then Harold, like a glance of fire,  
Shot up the stairs a story higher,  
“ Matilda ! Saunders ! Cook !  
“ Put on your things ! oh, never mind !  
“ Come as you are, without your rind,  
“ Oh, never mind the look ! ”

34.

Then back he rushed in heedless flight,  
Swift as a meteor to the sight,



With pallid brow and mien ;  
The drama of that fearful hour,  
Was all arrayed with pointed power,  
As Frankenstein has been.

## 35.

Ere Harold reached that fated room,  
Where all was fear, and dread, and gloom,  
A form sped swiftly by :  
A woman's shape all tightly laced,  
In dressing-gown, with girdle braced,  
And night-cap all awry.

## 36.

Who could desist from laughter then ?  
He who gazed once would gaze agen,

Especially as she  
Who wore this case, of motley guise,  
Had charming hair and blissful eyes,  
Age, scarcely thirty-three.

## 37.

It was ill-timed, and most impure,  
But fits of laughter have no cure,  
Tho' fitting 'tis they should;  
Especially when ladies faint,  
And o'er such moods have no restraint,  
Won't pull up if they could.

## 38.

Now figure to yourself a stage,  
And characters of every age

In motley grouping there ;  
Of serving-maids and cooks free born,  
And ladies fair, and men unshorn,  
Unslipper'd, cold, and bare.

## 39.

Such was the scene, mixed up with all  
That will revive, brace up, recall,  
In waters, scents, and pill ;  
Th' unlace, the pillow, bathe of brow,  
The, " how d'ye feel ?"—" how are you now ?"  
All that will save or kill.

## 40.

And Harold stood with moody face on,  
Projecting forth a special bason,

Called, "Stay—I have forgot!"  
He deemed its usefulness might save  
Large discount on the limpid wave,  
Or trouble, or what not.

## 41.

And on his rear he cast one look,  
Which all his former staidness shook,  
For Saunders, silly youth!  
In quest of water had found out  
A thing of clay that held about  
A kilderkin, forsooth!

## 42.

The fainting ladies soon began  
To lose their fearful symptoms wan,

And color came to bless  
Those cheeks so calm, and o'er them shed  
That hue of life so lately fled,  
In hour of nothingness.

43.

The night was far advanced withal,  
And each obeyed the unerring call  
Which Nature gives to man;  
A call to sleep, that world of thought,  
All-teaching—in itself untaught,  
A rest from life—a span.

44.

A something, with a power of sense,  
Unreal—real, a cold pretence,

An act of reason dim ;  
A thing of faculty—a dream,  
A path to fame—a treacherous stream,  
A choir, a tone, a hymn.

## 45.

An hour of love—a world of hate,  
A theme of joy—a mist—a date,  
A drear eternity ;  
The throne—the judge—a judgment given,  
A lure from earth—a glimpse of heaven,  
A test—a scrutiny.

## 46.

And this is sleep, that mystic change,  
That gild to fancy's wondrous range,

That resting-place of life ;  
The Sprees must rest, and here they drop,  
Wound up at last, without a prop,  
To wage the unequal strife.

## 47.

Let Wisdom stare, and Virtue look  
In cold disdain on this, my book,  
I care not, I, at all ; <sup>(41)</sup>  
In careless hour my pen I took,  
All heedlessly my lyre I strook,  
Alike to stand or fall.

## FINALE `A LA BYRON.



### 1.

Reader, farewell ! my errors spare—forgive,  
Pardon the Poet for his subject's sake,  
The theme will never die with me, but live,  
And hours of bliss gone by, endear, and make  
From colorings of the past the present take :  
Not so with you—this work will soon be dead,  
The relish of an hour like bridal cake  
Which quickly vanishes when two are wed,  
What recks it then to me—I write not now for bread.



## 2

Some write for fame, some honor, and some cash,  
I never heeded the dull, scribbling crew,  
Nor zest have I to boil to rags, or hash  
In critic cauldron sauced by a review,  
Where all are lie-bound, sparing one or two, <sup>(42)</sup>  
And never could I stoop to such pretence,  
As some I know for higher daring born,  
Who chill their genius down to suit the pence  
Of those they basely cringe to—menials shorn of  
sense.

## 3.

I sang in days of yore, and now again I chaunt,  
I love the muse, aye more than she loves me,  
'Twere cold when girls said—"write," to say—"I  
shan't,"  
And unbecoming Gordon, George, Lord B.,  
That star of song, that son of poesy.

And so it is, I cannot now recall  
The errors that are past, yet I may flee  
To loftier heights and dare a deadlier fall,  
Although I spurn not quite each stanza of "The  
Hall."

## 4.

But here I cease, the world has nought for me,  
I never lured its favor or its smile,  
Born as I am to stern futurity,  
And bear of deadly ills a deadlier pile ;  
Tho' once I deemed I might my path beguile  
With here and there a flower—it was vain,  
I've learnt to pace the prisoned soul's chill aisle,  
And wrap myself within its galling chain,  
Though sunny hours may glow there—feverish,  
short, and vain.

## 5.

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme  
Has died into an echo—it is fit  
The quires should rest of this protracted ream ;  
The Sprees are now extinguished, which have lit  
My oil-less lamp—and what is writ is writ,  
Would it were happier, but I write not now  
As I was wont to write—my metres grit  
Less tunefully before me, and the flow  
Which in my fountain was, is muddyish, scant, and  
low.

## 6.

I rest me now upon the Stanmere bridge,  
And gaze within the lucid rill below,  
And thus I muse, how faulty is this ridge,  
How crazy are its piers, how soon they'll go,  
And to the stilly waters tell their tale of woe ;

So let it be—it boots not me to gaze  
Upon this thing of ruin—I am so—  
The inheritor of ills, and all my days  
Shall mournfully drag on, unpitying, without praise.

## 7.

Pond Rickman woos me with its duck-weed face,  
Those unreflecting waters suit me well;  
My tears will flow all feelingly apace,  
While o'er their muteness I my sorrows tell,  
Unsavouring of heaven, and savoured all of hell;  
Would that those waters had the power to lave  
A soul all crimeful—sins we dare not tell,  
I'd break their silence up and seek a grave,  
If they had healing power, such deadly deeds to waive.

## 8.

But then the thought that there may come an  
hour  
Of moody reminiscence, and a sting  
So girt withal in wrongs of deadliest power ;  
The will—the tameless passions—yea a thing  
That hath been, and yet is, a thought on wing ;  
When all the captives of the feverish soul  
Pent up in anguish, watch a time to spring,  
And leave the man a wreck without controul,  
It may be that he hangs, takes swan-shot, or the bowl.

## 9.

Fare-thee-well Rickmansworth ! adieu to all  
That fans the passion, or that woos the eye,  
Thy sacred edifice—that turret tall  
Which points in beauty to the cloudless sky,  
A mystery of art in Nature's luxury ;

I say farewell ! till I shall meet agen  
That loveliness of thine, with thoughts that fly  
The scum of cities, and the haunts of men,  
And find companionship in sunbeam, tree, and glen.

## 10.

I say farewell ! for now I hear the approach  
Of rattling engine, and the fiery steed,  
And catch at intervals th' unwelcome coach,  
And Wyatt busy at his work of need,  
That long defile of thong inducing speed ;  
And I am booked by that same car to go  
From hills of beauty and the emerald meed,  
To London's dirty city where the Po—  
The Thames, I mean—runs dart-like, deep and  
low. <sup>(43)</sup>

## 11.

Soon will Saint Paul's and that lone Monument  
Which stands on Fish-street Hill, to me appear ;  
That mighty column, mightier Wren upsent,  
In times of Papal daring and of fear,  
A dread, momentous, agonizing year :  
When from a work-shop, in a garret high,  
An over-bubbling pitch-vase, shavings nigh,  
Spread such a fire o'erwhelming canopy,  
It reached from Pudding-lane, to reckless corner Pye.

## 12.

Anon Saint Bride, and Dunstan's erring plate, (<sup>44</sup>)  
The dome of Rowland, Astley's, Surgeon's Hall ;  
New Bedlam, Drury-Lane, the Fleet, Lud-gate,  
The Temple, Albany, Bow-steeple tall,  
All things that rise from Mill to Wapping Wall,

Shall meet these eye-lids, and in me create  
Such loathing hatred, with a sting withal,  
That I could spurn my coming link-like fate,  
And shun all works of art in stucco, brick, and slate.

## 13.

But so it is, and I cannot now repine,  
My doom is London, and I must submit,  
The Thames flows thickly after Rhone or Rhine,  
But London is the rallying place of wit,  
Of art, of science, all things that are writ ;  
It boasts of excellence which can o'erpower  
All former wonders giant minds have knit,  
A world within itself, a sea-girt tower,  
To which all other cities meekly bend and cower.



## 14.

I could revert to   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   a day all sun ;  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   no matter, it is done.



NOTES.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

Note 1, page 5.

“ — two are coming,

“ Wyatt’s horn is sounding.”

Wyatt is a coachman and proprietor, well known on the Watford road; he is also a man of excellent native wit and humour; his sayings and scraps are eagerly caught at, and retailed by the understrappers and hangers on of stable-yards, and his brethren of the thong in general.

Note 2, page 7.

“ And if men must ride on a rug,

“ They must not ride at all.”

This idea is somewhat obscure; however, it is admissible in its connection; the word rug here signifies the inside of the coach—metaphorically.

## Note 3, page 8.

“ And near the place where Stafford lives.”

Mr. Stafford, the respected clerk of the Bow-street establishment, lives on the brow of the hill, where the coach-wheel is usually locked in going into Rickmansworth.

## Note 4, page 8.

“ To woman’s hand the rein he gives.”

A bad practice at any time, but especially under such circumstances; I think the third of Geo. IV. would meet this case.—*Marriat in Banco.*

## Note 5, page 10.

“ — who fill the page,

“ Of Jerry rows the cream.”

A reference is here made to those three notorious sons of “out and outer” patter flash, Tom, Jerry, and Logic, whose sprees and rambles are too well known, and have been too often recorded on the log-books of divers “Charley Cribbs,” to need comment from me.

NOTES.

Note 6, page 10.

“ And plough a little in the rut

“ Determined for these lines.”

FALSTAFF.—He lost his line in that same cunning speech ; but fell into the rut again.—*Shakspeare*.

Note 7, page 11.

“ The other is what Charles would fain

“ A subject his should be.”

It is said of Charles the Second, that hearing two lawyers were flourishing in his day, he mandated that the one should be hung in chains as an ensample to the survivor. It had its effect, the survivor gave up business.—*Blackstone's Comm.*

Note 8, page 12.

“ — more I cannot tell

“ Or he'll employ one Sergeant Pell.”

The Learned Sergeant nobly defended the profession when one of its members kick'd at a shilling in lieu of a guinea, which he had received with a subpœna.

Note 9, page 14.

“ ——— when the meeting

“ Of strangers was hailed by the castle lord’s greeting.”

“ It was y<sup>e</sup> custome in those dayes of righte hospitalitie, whenever a stranger arrived at a nobleman’s domaine on a visite, to attende him in persone on his comeing in at y<sup>e</sup> gate.”—*Le Brun’s Hist.* v. ii. p. 283.

Note 10, page 17.

“ But coldness at all when a woman’s the cause.”

The man who is lukewarm in a woman’s cause is unsafe with the title. A late national martyr suffered from the supineness of her friends and the rancour of her enemies, to the indelible disgrace of this boasted, civilized country. Lattacoo blushes for us, I hear so, at least, from Mr. Campbell.

Note 11, page 20.

“ Bolongaro and Mayence, Amsterdam, and some others

“ Were fairly discussed ———”

Bolongaro and Mayence make a capital mixture, in fact, the best that can be. I give this opinion to



regulate those snuff-takers who may be tired of their accustomed mixture, and are seeking a change; Hudson of Oxford-street, sells the best of this description; though Proctor's is excellent.

Note 12, page 20.

“ — whose presence will ever,

“ From enjoyment's alloy its reality sever.”

“ If it were not for the salutary influence of female society on the minds and manners of men, we should, even in this enlightened age, soon recede into barbarism; real enjoyment is to be found in their company, and in books of merit and worth;—there is danger elsewhere.”—*Lord Chesterfield*.

Note 13, page 21.

“ 'Tis a plan most abhorrent in city or town,

“ For a bevy of men to sit themselves down

“ And quaff from the goblet with licence unchecked.”

“ Much of the sensuality and profaneness which of late years seems, in an increased degree, to have deluged society, in my opinion may be traced up, withal, in a great measure, to your civic feasts and entertainments.”—*Irving's Orations*.

Note 14, page 21.

“ Then on with the wassail ye boasters who can,  
“ You may boast the resemblance, but I am the  
man.”

Some of my friends may think me hypocritical in this remark—be it so ; I am not a stranger to those advantages which, of late years, have arisen from the improvement in female education ; they have successfully combated revelling and drunkenness in private societies.

Note 15, page 24.

“ Pledge anew, my *flower* !”

A Tom and Jerry term, signifying a “ *kiddy swell*.”

Note 16, page 25.

“ Harold, try it, you are *down*.”

Ib. that is, “ *fly*,” or “ *up*,” or “ *awake*,” not “ *green*,” “ *leary*.”

Note 17, page 50.

“ The urn was on a mat ”

It was not so ;—I must do the Party justice here ; the tea was made out of the room—a much more fashionable way.

Note 18, page 50.

“ The steamy columns safely mount.”

From the foregoing remark this is rendered nugatory, as far as regards the steam of the urn.

Note 19, page 51.

“ It was the hour with them when wit,

“ If any be, will flow.”

Dr. Johnson has said, “ wine does not give wit, but it rubs it up.”

Note 20, page 53.

“ — against all worldly follies rant,

“ Tho’ drenching a tureen.”

I have often seen a man in company, who, while decrying the evils of sensual indulgences, has, as it were, incautiously, taken three doses of turtle from the tureen placed before him.

Note 21, page 54.

“ — wink and press,

“ The dupes of their own lie.”

Let me be understood here, I give not a slap at moral, steady men, who act as men should act; I

wish there were more of them in the world, but the hit is intended for those who, for secular ends, make outward profession, and are inwardly devils—there are many about town just now—Month of May.

Note 22, page 55.

“ — ‘ myself in cue,  
“ ‘ ’Tis Fleet-street to a broom.’ ”

A slang, accustomary term, signifying great odds, “ Waterloo-bridge to a hand-rail ;” “ Lombard-street to an orange ;” “ Fenchurch-street to a fig,” &c. &c. are in vogue at strips, set-toos, and other Jerryish amusements.

Note 23, page 63.

“ — this Hilt,  
“ I swear I saw his game-blood spilt.”

Signifying the drooping of Harold’s courage when his fair adversary beat him.

Note 24, page 63.

“ — nor be so bold,  
“ In parcel small will I thee fold.”

The phrase of being folded up in a small parcel I should think obvious to all in its meaning ; however,

to unlock the mystery of the term to those in doubt, I give its meaning. A man in the minor key at an argument, may come under this term. A man reeking from a severe horse-whipping bout may meet it. A fatalist in a duel will absorb its fullest meaning.

Note 25, page 64.

“ — Should this maid

“ With recompense of luck be paid.”

To the credit of my female competitor, she played not by luck, but from unerring certainty; had I known this fact before, I should have declined her challenge, and saved my reputation.

Note 26, page 66.

“ — A woman's hand

“ This day hath fell'd thee.”

It was my boast, previously to the commencement of the game, that I had never been beat by a woman, nor could I be. How uncertain and vapourful are all our boastings! the weakest instruments are sometimes employed to check the pride of man.—*Treason.*

Note 27, page 66.

“ The clock strikes twelve in Salter’s tower.”

Mr. Salter is a magistrate, and a law relative of the Earl of Essex. The tower here mentioned is the turret over his stable, containing a dial, as his usual.

Note 28, page 67.

“ The lark is up, and Nature flings

“ Her mellow tones on thousand strings.”

This chorus is an endeavour to condense into two lines an idea of the various melodies which charm the hour of sunrise, and to afford, from a familiar object, an idea of the thousand agents employed to bring to perfection the matchless song of Nature’s gratitude.

I should observe, that the ideas in the early verses of this hymn may be found in the “ Fall of Constantinople,” in the heroic measure.

Note 29, page 69.

“ Or straight and motionless is seen,

“ Within the shadowed rushes green.”

The Jack will remain at times for the space of six hours in the water in a perfectly motionless state, and in this manner may be easily snared or poached.

Note 30, page 70.

“ And God alone is seen in Heaven.”

A matchless idea from a matchless poem, the “ Dream of Byron.” This idea has been pirated times without number.

Note 31, page 71.

“ He was town-togg’d in Primefit’s best arraying.”

Dickey Primefit, the dandy habit-maker, alias the sufferer of Regent-street.

Note 22, page 73.

“ Then followed, like the rainbow’s arch of beauty.”

This idea, I believe, will not be found in any author. I am fortunate in its adaptation to the fair and lovely sex.

Note 33, page 77.

“ The church that rose before their eyes.”

Rickmansworth church is a fine object, and in excellent keeping with the surrounding country; the gentle declivities rising in the back ground, form a fine contrast to the pellucid streams which grace its front view. There is not too much of

water scenery, nor is there too much of wood, but all richly harmonizes to the sacred edifice, which forms a centre to the whole scene.

Note 34, page 80.

“ And never got her faithless spouse

“ To walk inside the sacred house.”

The number of actions brought of late years, for reparation in damages for breach of promise of marriage, proves the truth of this reference.

Note 35, page 82.

“ — A painted window shines,

“ Or window painted on two blinds.”

The calculations upon this window are various ; some consider the painting original and on glass, while others, from closer inspection, deem it a nice deception to trick the eye. This latter opinion is mine with all humility.



Note 36, page 83.

“ The man who led the service through,  
“ Was faithful to his charge and true.”

Mr. Hodgson, the rector of Rickmansworth, is a most excellent man, and does infinite credit to his profession.

Note 37, page 93.

“ — I'll on his back spring after thee,  
“ 'Tis now my turn to ride.”

Mr. Wordsworth objects to this last line. Lord Byron's agent in London, for minor pieces, said to me, “ Let it stand.”

Note 38, page 100.

“ — bedashed he felt  
“ To be so near the fair one's belt.”

It is a fact, that I had very nearly caught one of the fair rangers, by a determined spring at her waist-band.

Note 39, page 118.

“ — A different story,  
“ Her foot sunk deep where in his glory.”  
The lady who captured this “ Son of the Morn-

ing," almost lost her shoe in the circumjacent mould which surrounded his Harem, and which is usually of a very soft species.

Note 40, page 120.

" ——— The will of Fate,

" Now I believe in candle."

I do believe in candle, for once I was honored with the symbol of a winding sheet, and in taking afterwards a glass of ginger beer, I found it dead.

Note 41, page 153.

" I care not, I, at all."

I am only anxious for the approval of my friends. I have made no pretensions to the judgment of a higher (though far inferior) tribunal of criticism.

Note 42, page 155.

" Where all are lie-bound, sparing one or two."

This assertion is somewhat severe; however, I have made exceptions, which is a rare example of candour in a Satirist.

Note 43, page 160.

"The Thames—I mean—runs dart-like, deep and low."

Byron talks of the *arroyo Rhone*. The *dart-like*

Thames is, I think, as good, and perhaps more characteristic. His line runs,

“By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.”

*Childe Harold.*

Note 44, page 161.

“Anon Saint Bride, and Dunstan’s erring plate.”

The clock of St. Dunstan’s in the west, is a fatal machine to set a watch by.

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### ERRATA.

Page 46, line 10, *for* ‘We’ll learn of their preceptors,’ *read* ‘Well learnt of their preceptors.’

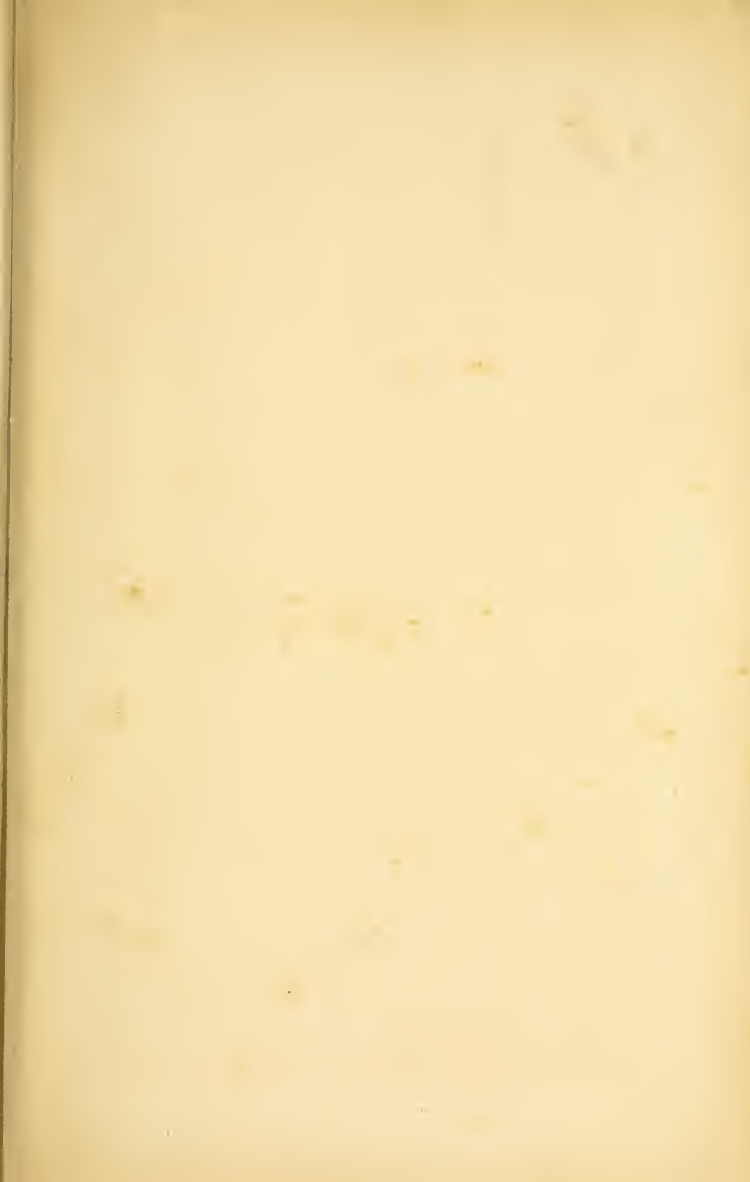
Page 128, line 4, *for* ‘The spider’s pale thread,’ *read* ‘The spider’s pall-thread.’

Page 144, line 6, *for* ‘Tono tint,’ *read* ‘Tone tint.’

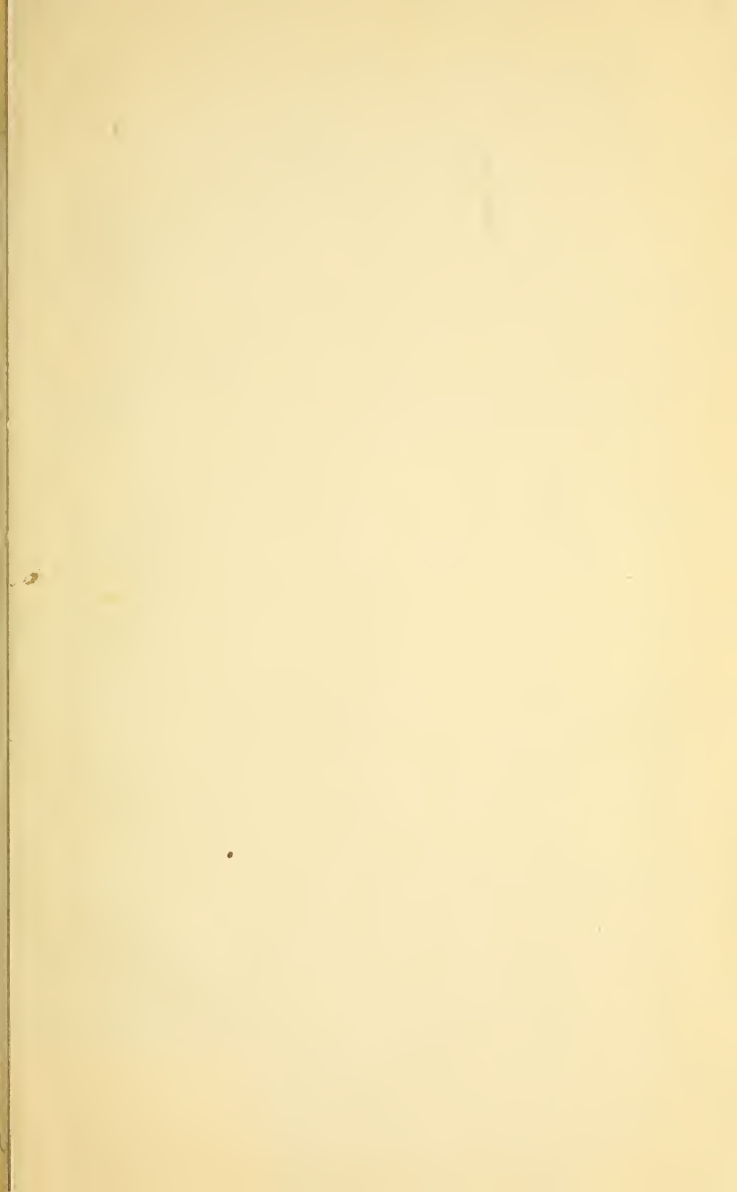


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